

Production No. 9F05

The Simpsons

"MARGE GETS A JOB"

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 4/23/92

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"MARGE GETS A JOB"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
TOM JONES.....DAN CASTELLANETA
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....JULIE KAVNER
KRUSTY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
TROY MCCLURE.....HARRY SHEARER
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MILHOUSE.....HANK AZARIA
CARL.....HANK AZARIA
MARLEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CONTRACTOR.....HARRY SHEARER
DONUT MAN.....HANK AZARIA

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GIRLS.....NANCY/YEARDLEY
MAN.....HANK AZARIA
MAN #2.....HANK AZARIA
ANIMAL HANDLER.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MAITRE D'.....HARRY SHEARER
CHEF.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marge is sitting at the table with the mail. Homer is lying on the couch.

MARGE

(READING MAIL) Resident...

occupant... smart shopper... Oooh!

They're having a retirement party for
someone at the plant.

HOMER

I wish I could retire.

A thought bubble forms over his head.

THOUGHT BUBBLE

A retired Homer is lying on the couch identical to the present scene.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(IN THE PRESENT) Boy, that'd be
sweet.

THOUGHT BUBBLE DISSOLVES

Ned Flanders passes by the window smoking a pipe. He is strangely tilted and pipe smoke rises at a 45-degree angle.

NED FLANDERS

Howdy-do, neighbor! Good pipe weather. Thought I'd fire up the briar.

HOMER

Can't talk -- busy.

NED FLANDERS

(CHIPPER) Okely-dokely-do.

He exits.

HOMER

Hey, Marge, did you notice how slanted he looked?

MARGE

Maybe it's the house.

As she speaks the mail slides off the table.

HOMER

There you go again. Ned Flanders can't be slanted; it must be our house.

Homer tries to drink a beer but the liquid pours on his forehead.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

We see the entire house is listing, one side of it sunk further into the ground than the other. Neighbor kids point at the house.

NELSON

Haw haw!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The family eats breakfast. Bart eyeballs his own stack of pancakes, adjusting them for the slant, then pours the syrup.

MARGE

Homer, I really think it's time we did something about the foundation.

HOMER

Marge, you're such a pessimist. You see the house as half sunk into the ground; I see it as half sticking out.

Maggie's high chair starts **SLIDING** toward an ominous turning floor fan. Lisa snags her just before she makes contact.

LISA

Maybe we should call a repairman.

HOMER

Repairman? Now, Lisa, what do I always tell you?

LISA

"All repairmen are crooks, all lawyers are shysters and all doctors are quacks."

HOMER

Egg-zackly.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Homer watches a video on how to fix foundations. Bart stands by with Homer's tool box.

ON SCREEN - TROY MCCLURE VIDEOTAPE - CONTINUOUS

Troy McClure is wearing painter's pants and a tool belt.

MCCLURE

Hello, I'm Troy McClure. You might remember me from such instructional videos as "Mothballing Your Battleship" and "Dig Your Own Grave - and Save!" Over the next six hours I'll be taking you through the do's and do not do's of foundation repair. Ready?

HOMER

Ready!

Homer gets up and heads for the basement wall. Bart follows.

MCCLURE (O.S.)

First, patch the cracks in the slab using a latex patching compound and a patching trowel...

HOMER

Hand me my patching trowel, boy.

Bart opens the dusty toolbox. He pulls out the only tools -- a hammer and a screwdriver, both still shrink-wrapped, with a little card that says "To Homer. Happy 26th Birthday. Love, Marge." Bart holds them out to Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Eh, I'll just use the cassette box.

Homer wields the cassette box as a trowel.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Now what?

Homer AD LIBS through the following:

MCCLURE

Now, do you have extruded polyvinyl
foam insulation?

Homer looks around. He sees none.

MCCLURE (CONT'D)

Good. Assemble the aluminum J-
channel using self-furring screws.
Install. (FAST) After applying
brushable coating to the panels,
you'll need some corrosion-resistant
metal stucco lath. If you c n't find
metal stucco lath....

HOMER

(HOPEFUL) Uh huh?

MCCLURE

Use carbon-fiber stucco lath.

HOMER

(MOAN)

MCCLURE

Now, parge the lath...

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

A truck, labeled "Surly Joe's Foundation Repair" pulls up. It has a logo of an irritable old coot wearing a Peterbilt cap on it. A FAT CONTRACTOR, matching the picture on the logo, gets out. Homer is waiting for him.

HOMER

Hey, don't I know you from somewhere?

CONTRACTOR

Yeah. I was here two years ago.

Remember, I told ya, you could pay a
few dollars then or through the nose
later on?

HOMER

Well, I gave it a lot of thought and
decided to pay through the nose.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - A FEW SECONDS LATER

Homer and the contractor are walking down the stairs.
Homer points to the beams in the wall.

HOMER

The beams look sturdy enough.

The contractor walks up to the wall. He peels back a loose
end of wallpaper, revealing that the beams were really just
wallpaper with a picture of beams on it. Behind the
wallpaper, we see the house is held up by a stack of old
"Playdudes".

CONTRACTOR

Old contractor's trick. Your house
is actually resting on this stack of
magazines.

HOMER

(LOOKING AT PLAYDUDES) Ooooh! A
Barbi Benton pictorial.

Homer **YANKS** out a magazine and the house lurches.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see the whole house slant even more as it makes horrible **CREAKING, GRINDING, SHIFTING** sounds. Bart flies out the window with a **SCREAM**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The contractor places a spirit level on the ledge to gauge the problem. The level slides off and **FALLS** to the floor.

HOMER

Did you see the bubble?

CONTRACTOR

I'm afraid the whole west side of the house is sinking. I figure it's gonna cost you... sixty-five hundred.

HOMER

(SHOCKED) Forget it. You're not the only foundation guy in town!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DEN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP of yellow pages, under "Foundation Repair". "Surly Joe's Foundation Repair" is the only listing. The ad features a glossy-looking picture of the contractor with the headline: "The Only Foundation Repair Company in Town."

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

CLOSE UP - TV SCREEN

KENT BROCKMAN is winding up the news. Behind him is an art card saying "World's Largest Pizza?"

BROCKMAN

...one unfortunate chef is still
missing. And speaking of
Italy...(FOOTAGE OF SIMPSON
HOUSE)...Leaning Tower of Pisa eat
your heart out and move over!
(CHUCKLES) This is one story that's
not on the level!

ON SCREEN we see footage of TOURISTS in front of the house,
leaning sideways as other tourists are LAUGHING and a
Japanese family takes photos.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

A VENDOR sells T-shirts that reads "I got bent at
Springfield's Wacky Shack". Tourists take little pieces of
the house for souvenirs. One kid tears off a shutter.
Bart wears a top hat and acts like a carnival barker.

BART

Behold the horrors of the Slanty
Shanty. See the twisted creatures
that dwell within. Meet "Cue Ball,"
the man with no hair!

Bart points to the window where we can see Homer. Homer
sees what Bart is doing and GROWLS out the window. The
crowd GASPS in fear.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

Homer, we have to do something... my
hair looks ridiculous.

PULL BACK reveals Marge's hair is tilted and droopy.

HOMER

Marge, it'll cost eighty-five hundred dollars. We only have five hundred in the bank. That leaves... 80 hundred we need.

MARGE

I could get a job.

HOMER'S THOUGHT BUBBLE - MONTAGE

Homer imagines Marge working:

a) Marge as a lady wrestler bouncing off ropes - GROWLING - then running back and getting the lady opponent into a leg lock and bringing her down.

b) Marge using a floor waxer on the floors of a gigantic bus station very late at night.

c) Marge as a toll booth attendant collecting tolls.

MARGE

Twenty-five cents please. Twenty-five cents please. Twenty-five cents please (COUGHS A LITTLE).

Homer drives up.

MARGE (CONT'D)

You can go through free.

HOMER

Woo hoo!

Homer speeds through the toll booth.

DISSOLVE THOUGHT BUBBLE

HOMER

Follow your dreams, Marge.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

We see Homer and Marge getting out of their car in the parking lot of "The Spruce Caboose", a theme restaurant made from the zigzagged cars of a derailed train, right next to the train tracks.

INT. THE SPRUCE CABOOSE - CONTINUOUS

Homer and Marge enter. The place is loaded with railroad wreckage. The MAITRE D', holding menus and dressed as a conductor, is talking to a family.

MAITRE D'

It was the most beautiful, most
expensive train ever built, the
"Spruce Caboose".

He illustrates the rest of his talk with other photos.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

Some people said it was too big to
stay on the tracks... and they were
right. It derailed right here. Took
two years to get all the bodies out
of the wreckage. (POINTS TO GRISLY
TRAIN WRECK PHOTO) But then, along
came Consolidated Food Service
Corporation, and the rest is history.

MARGE

We're here for the retirement party.

MAITRE D'

Follow the Headless Brakeman.

A MAN in a Headless Brakeman costume leads them out. He
BUMPS into the wall a few times.

INT. THE SPRUCE CABOOSE - BOXCAR THREE - A MINUTE LATER

Homer and Marge approach a group of workers including Lenny.

MARGE

I always feel so awkward at these office parties. They're all shop-talk.

LENNY

(TO CO-WORKERS) So then I took this long, roundy-like greenish thing, kinda looked like a pickle, and stuck it in the big thing with like, teeth.

SMITHERS, with BURNS beside him at the dais, bangs a spoon on a glass.

BURNS

Tonight, we've all come to honor a close friend of ours...

HOMER

Bo-ring!

BURNS

(FROWNING) A man who provided the Burns Corporation with forty-five years of faithful service, Mr. Jack Marley.

Burns indicates a sad looking OLDER MAN at the table. We DISSOLVE TO scenes from their past.

BURNS (V.O.)

In 1947, Jack Marley, fresh out of engineering school, came to me with a plan, a plan to produce clean, safe power at a low cost.

We SEE YOUNG BURNS and YOUNGER MARLEY, in zoot suits and hats, holding a blueprint and smiling.

BURNS (CONT'D V.O.)

But I shouted him down and decided instead on nuclear power.

The two are standing in front of a small road side stand with a sign "Burns and Marley Nuclear Power and Corn". There is a hand cranked nuclear generator on the counter, next to a bushel of corn.

BURNS (CONT'D)

In 1960, our dreams became reality when we opened our first power station.

Burns pulls the switch. In the corner, we can see Marley's face straining to get into the frame. A big, hairy hand keeps him out.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Then, just as the money began rolling in, Jack told me he wanted to be kicked out of the executive suite and become a working man again.

A gangster is holding a gun to Marley's head, forcing him to sign papers. Burns, standing in background, looks on with glee. Smithers can also be seen, painting over the "Marley" in the sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

BURNS (CONT'D V.O.)

During the next few decades Jack
achieved inner peace.

Marley scrubbing a urinal. Burns **WASHES** his hands, and
dries them with a paper towel which he **CRUMPLES** and tosses
at Marley's head.

BACK TO SCENE

Burns sits down. The lights come back on. Homer is at the
banquet table eating the food from under the plastic wrap -
he scurries back to his seat like a cockroach.

SMITHERS

(CLEARING THROAT) Mr. Burns, if you
don't mind, I've prepared a little
musical number for Jack's special
night.

MARLEY smiles weakly. Smithers **CLAPS** his hands. A line of
DANCING GIRLS comes out from behind the curtain. The
MUSICAL NUMBER is similar to the party scene from "Citizen
Kane".

SMITHERS

(SINGING) There is a man...

GIRLS

There is a man...

SMITHERS

A certain man...

GIRLS

A certain man...

SMITHERS

A man whose grace / And handsome face
/ Are known across the land! / You
know his name...

The crowd has become excited. Even Marley looks happy.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

It's Mister Burns!

The crowd goes silent. Marley returns to his regular glum self. Burns lights up as the girls sashay over and tousle his hair.

GIRLS

He's Mister Burns!

SMITHERS

He loves a smoke

Enjoys a joke

BURNS / GIRLS

Ah ha-ha-ha-ha

SMITHERS

Why, he's worth ten times what he
earns!

Burns is really enjoying himself.

GIRLS

He's Mister Burns!

BURNS

(DELIGHTED) I'm Mister Burns!

SMITHERS

He's Monty Burns!

BURNS

(SUDDENLY STERNER) I'm Mister Burns!

SMITHERS

(BIG FINALE) To friends he's known as
Monty, but to you it's
Mister...BURNS!!

Burns **YELLS** "Bravo!" repeatedly. The crowd is still completely silent, some of them stunned. The girls file off.

MARLEY

Do you mind if I say a few words?

BURNS

Oh, me, me, me "I need all the
attention just because it's my
party!" (HOLDS UP HANDS IN IMPATIENT
"WELL, GO AHEAD" MANNER.)

Marley rises to speak. For a beat, he looks around the room in silence.

MARLEY

Please don't make me retire! My job
is the only thing that keeps me
alive! I never married, and my dog
is dead!

Burns cues the band to start **PLAYING**. A merry rendition of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" drowns Marley out.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm not finished.

BURNS

Oh, yes you are.

Burns cues several **LARGE THUGS** to carry Marley out of the room.

EXT. THE SPRUCE CABOOSE - BOXCAR THREE - CONTINUOUS

The boxcar door slides open and Marley is tossed out onto the railroad tracks. The door **SLAMS** shut.

INT. THE SPRUCE CABOOSE - BOXCAR THREE - CONTINUOUS

The music stops. A blast of **FEEDBACK** completely silences the room.

BURNS

With the departure of Mr. Marley,
there will now be an entry-level
position open in Sector 7G. Now get
out. The bar is closed.

CROWD

(MOANS)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marge and Homer are walking from the car to the slanted house.

MARGE

Maybe I should apply for that job.

HOMER

Marge, you're talking about working
in a nuclear power plant. That takes
years and years of specialized
training.

MARGE

How much training did you have?

HOMER

If I remember correctly, this
conversation was about you.

MARGE

(MURMUR)

HOMER

Forget it Marge. We already live
together; we shouldn't work together.
As the Bible says "Thou shalt not
horn in on thy husband's... racket."

MARGE

Where does the Bible....

HOMER

Look, Marge we just don't need the
money that bad.

They reach the front door. CAMERA MOVES UP from the
diagonal door to the roof. A hummingbird flutters around
the chimney and comes to rest gently upon it. The house
shifts violently under the bird's weight.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

CLOSE UP - TYPEWRITER

Keys HITTING the paper, typing Marge's name. PULL BACK to see Marge is typing her resume. Lisa looks on.

MARGE

Well, Lisa, I finished my resume.

She hands Lisa a piece of paper that says: "Marge Simpson, Homemaker - 1980 - Present".

LISA

Uh...I think it needs a little padding.

Lisa sits down and puts a new sheet in the typewriter and starts TYPING FURIOUSLY.

MARGE

What are you putting...

LISA

Up-up-up. When I'm done.

Lisa finishes, pulls the paper out and hands it to Marge.

MARGE

(READING) Chauffeur... seamstress...
curator of large mammals?

Homer walks by in his underwear.

HOMER

Marge have you seen my lunch box?

MARGE

(TO LISA) Oh, I see.

She hands Homer the lunch box.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Special talent, "Juggling"?

LISA

(SLYLY) I didn't say how many balls.
Besides they expect you to lie a
little. If you don't, they think you
lack initiative.

MARGE

"Worked for the Carter
administration"?

LISA

Well, you voted for him... twice!
How many people can say that?

MARGE

You've got a point there.

INT. POWER PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - DAY

Smithers is looking through Marge's resume.

SMITHERS

(IMPRESSED) Uh-huh... Uh-huh... I
thought Muddy Waters wrote that song.
This resume is very impressive, but
there's one final question: Have you
ever been fired from a job at the
post office?

MARGE

No.

SMITHERS

(SMILES) Well then, let me be the
first to say: Kadibu [kadeeboo]
Kazini [kazeenee].

MARGE

What?

SMITHERS

(LOOKING AT HER RESUME) Welcome
aboard. I guess my Swahili's not as
good as yours.

MARGE

(WEAK LAUGH)

INT. POWER PLANT - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smithers sticks his head in.

SMITHERS

Sorry, the position has been filled.

A large GROUP OF APPLICANTS, which includes the newly
retired Jack Marley, **MUTTERS** disappointedly and shuffles
out of the room.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

(NOTE: FROM THIS POINT ON THE HOUSE SHOULD NOT APPEAR TOO
SLANTED)

HOMER

Marge, you're making a big mistake.

I'm going to see you all day at work
and all night at home...

Marge frowns.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(COVERING) And that's good! But,
here's the bad part... uh...

(CHANGING SUBJECT) Look at that
headline: "Canada To Hold
Referendum." Sorry Marge, can't talk
now.

MARGE

We need the money, and my life is
pretty boring. Usually the most
exciting part of my day is when the
cat brings in a bird that isn't quite
dead. It flies around the house and I
have to chase it with a broom.

HOMER

There, see. You'll be giving all
that up.

All the food on the table has slid over to Homer's side and
is piled up in a stack. Homer sticks his fork into the
huge mass, pulls out a hamburger in a bun, looks pleasantly
surprised, and takes a bite.

LISA

I think it's wonderful. Mom and Dad
side by side at the power plant.
You'll be just like Marie and Pierre
Curie.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) Wha dey do?

LISA

They discovered radium. (QUIETLY)
Then they both died of radiation
poisoning.

BART

Cool!

BART'S FANTASY

Bart imagines the CURIES as giant radioactive monsters.
PEOPLE run in terror as in a Godzilla movie.

MAN

(BADLY DUBBED) It's the Curies. We
must flee!

Marie CRUSHES a car and throws it at a CROWD of people.

BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

Okay Marge, we need money, your
potential's being wasted, blah, blah,
blah... Just tell me one thing: who's
gonna watch the kids?

BART

Nobody has to take care of us.
(CHIPPER) We'll be latchkey kids.

LISA

Wow! I feel like a star in an After
School Special.

MARGE

I thought we would ask Grampa.

HOMER

Grampa! He's not fit to raise a
child. I mean, look at me.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Marge and Homer are leaving for work. Grampa is with the kids.

GRAMPA

I dropped the ball with Homer. I
admit it. But this time I'm gonna do
it all by the book.

CLOSE UP - BOOKLET

It has an engraving of a mustachioed man on it, and the cover reads "Guide to Infantile Distress. Printed by Dr. Washburn's Asbestos Pills."

BACK TO SCENE

MARGE

That book seems a little out-of-date.

GRAMPA

Now, don't you worry. This book's
raised children from Persia to the
Belgian Congo.

INT. HOMER'S CAR - DAY

Marge and Homer are driving to work.

HOMER

Marge, before we get there, I want to tell you about the "Code of the Workplace". If a guy's not where he's supposed to be, tell the boss he's in the can... 15 minutes is only the suggested coffee break... and most importantly, if something goes wrong, just blame the guy who can't speak English. (FONDLY) Ah, Tibor, how many times have you saved my butt (CHUCKLES).

MARGE

I just thought I would give an honest effort and take the blame for my mistakes.

Homer **SCREECHES** the car to a halt and looks at Marge with deadly seriousness.

HOMER

(QUIET INTENSITY) If I ever hear that again I'm going to turn this car right around.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MAGGIE'S ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Maggie is standing up in her crib, pointing at a bottle and **WHINING**.

GRAMPA

What's that mean?

Maggie points to the bottle and mimes taking a drink.

GRAMPA

You must be sick. Let's see. What's
old doc Washburn prescribe?

Grampa flips through his book.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Do you have cholera? Croup? Dropsy?

The Grippe? Scrofula? Catarrh?

Maggie leaps at the bottle but doesn't quite get it.

INT. POWER PLANT - HALLWAY - MORNING

Marge, with a hard-hat on top of her beehive, is getting a
tour from Smithers. He approaches a locked door.

SMITHERS

And this is your office. That idiot
Tibor lost the key, but you can jimmy
it open with a credit card.

Smithers jimmies the door open. A large machine with many
blinking lights and levers is inside.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Well, have fun.

He starts to exit.

MARGE

But... what do I do?

SMITHERS

(CHUCKLES) Oh, Marge, please.
According to your resume, you
invented this machine.

Smithers exits. Marge stares forlornly at the machine.
She looks around to make sure no one's watching, then
tentatively pushes a button. FOUR WORKERS run past her
door, followed by a COLUMN OF FLAME.

MARGE

Probably just a coincidence.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASS - LATER THAT DAY

On the blackboard, we see "Math Test Today". Mrs. Krabappel hands out the test papers.

BART

Where's Martin? I was going to copy
off him!

MILHOUSE

Martin's not here today. Had to go
to the doctor.

Bart starts COUGHING violently.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SKEPTICAL) Oh no. Look who's sick
on test day. Bart, have you ever
read "The Boy Who Cried Wolf"?

BART

I'm halfway through it, I swear!
(COUGHS SOME MORE) Anyway, it looks
like I've got what Martin has.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Martin had to go to the chiropractor
for his scoliosis.

BART

Ooh, scoliosis! (COUGHS) I'm
crawling with scoliosis germs!

Bart runs out of the room before Mrs. Krabappel can stop
him.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart lies in bed. He's got a crusty, steaming, yellow paste on his chest and an ice-bag on his head. A RUMBLING old-fashioned vaporizer **BLASTS** a geyser of steam in his face.

GRAMPA (O.S.)

(YELLING FROM THE HALL) How's that
mustard plaster coming, boy? Feeling
better?

BART

Yes, I'm fine now! No need for any
more home remedies, Grampa!

Grampa doesn't respond, but enters the room shaking a thermometer.

GRAMPA

(TO HIMSELF) Oral thermometer, my
eye! There's never been a
thermometer as accurate as Ol' Bessie
here.

BART'S POV

We see the thermometer head into the camera.

BART (V.O.)

Aaaagh!

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Burns is looking at Marge in a surveillance monitor labelled "Sector 7". She sits glumly in front of her machine, polishing it. In the surrounding monitors, we see that the rest of the plant is going to hell -- WORKERS doing the limbo, SCIENTISTS playing chess with robot arms, and a cockfight in the computer room -- TECHNICIANS stand around with money in their hands.

MONITOR - MARGE'S OFFICE

Marge bends over to adjust her nylons.

INT. POWER PLANT - MARGE'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Marge, bent over, hears the **MECHANICAL WHIRR** of the surveillance camera focusing in on her. She turns around to look at it, suspicious.

ANGLE BURNS

BURNS

That woman -- she's so captivating.

Smithers, my heart's pounding like a
jackhammer.

ZOOM IN

To Burns' heart. It is tiny and black. It remains motionless for several seconds, then **BEATS ONCE, FAINTLY.**

BACK TO SCENE

SMITHERS

We hired her today, sir. Her name
is...

BURNS

I know! It's Simpson, Marge Simpson!
How could I forget a name so
beautiful?

CLOSE UP - BURNS' FACE

The image of Marge on the monitor is reflected in his eyes. he smiles dreamily.

**RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:**

EXT. TURN-OF-THE CENTURY PASTORAL SCENE - DAY

Burns, wearing period garb, rides around on an old-time bicycle. He has his shoes off and his pants rolled up. Marge, in a sundress with hat, rides on the handlebars a la "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid". Both are happy and laughing.

MUSIC: SIMILAR TO "RAINDROPS KEEP FALLIN' ON MY HEAD".

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Burns looks at Marge on the monitor.

BURNS

(GAZING AT MARGE) I must have her.

Smithers, zoom in. Closer...

Closer... closer, damn it!

The camera ZOOMS IN extremely close on Marge, hitting her on the forehead with a **CLUNK**.

MARGE

(ON MONITOR) Ow!

BURNS

Too close.

Marge backs away holding her forehead as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POWER PLANT - MARGE'S STATION - DAY

Marge sits at her machine. Mr. Burns approaches carrying flowers and a wrapped gift.

BURNS

Hello!

MARGE

(SHOCKED) Mr. Burns!

BURNS

No need for alarm. I just came to give you the orchids and fragrant bath oils I give to all the employees.

MARGE

Well, thank you. (RE: FLOWERS)
Maybe I should put them in water.

BURNS

I like your initiative. If you have any more brilliant ideas like that, feel free to drop by my office, any time.

MARGE

Well, I have noticed morale here is kind of low.

Marge gestures and we see ONE WORKER is SOFTLY SOBBING at his desk. A WOMAN POURS herself a stiff shot of whiskey and CHUGS IT DOWN without trying to hide it. Another MAN polishes a shot gun at his desk.

MAN #2

(TO SELF) I am the angel of death.

The time of purification is at hand.

BACK TO SCENE

BURNS

(MOCK SHOCK) Great Scott! It's as if some ruthless tyrant has crushed their spirits for his own evil ends. Marge, what can we do?

MARGE

Well, you could give them healthier snacks... peppier music...

BURNS

You mean like Sophie Tucker?

MARGE

Well, actually, I was thinking of Tom Jones. Oh, and how about Hawaiian Shirt Day? That would really cheer them up.

DISSOLVE TO:

The workers we saw earlier, now wearing Hawaiian shirts, look just as glum and suicidal as before. After a beat we HEAR "What's New Pussy Cat" by Tom Jones come blaring over the P.A. The woman with the alcohol takes a BIG DRINK from the bottle. Mr. Burns and Marge, both wearing Hawaiian shirts, look on.

BURNS

It's working! It's working! And the healthy snacks are on their way.

INT. POWER PLANT - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The DONUT MAN, holding a large chain, is fighting off Homer and several other Hawaiian shirted EMPLOYEES.

HOMER

You can't take our donuts!

LENNY rushes up. The donut man WHACKS him with the chain.

DONUT MAN

All right, who else wants to be a
hero?

BACK TO SCENE

BURNS

Marge, I'm giving you a raise and a
new office... right next to mine.

(SINISTER CHUCKLE)

SMITHERS

But, sir, that's my office!

BURNS

Don't worry Smithers, I'm putting you
where the action is.

INT. POWER PLANT - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Smithers is scrubbing the urinal with a toothbrush. He's rather chipper.

SMITHERS

Springtime fresh, winter white...
what could be better?

Homer walks in and approaches.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(AGONIZED) Nooo!

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS - DAY

MRS. KRABAPPEL

So, Bart, how are you feeling?

BART

Well, that depends. What's on tap
for today?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Your make up test.

BART

Bring it on! (SUDDENLY MAKES LOUD,
REPEATED MOANS)

Bart staggers around the room knocking things over. He sweeps all the stuff off the teacher's desk and falls to the ground.

INT. CAR - DAY

Grampa is driving Bart home from school. Bart has put his feet up on the dashboard.

BART

(CHUCKLES)

GRAMPA

Now don't worry. Couple of bottles
of cod liver oil and you'll be right
as rain.

BART

Grampa, you're a good egg, so I'm
going to let you in on a little
secret. I'm not now nor have I ever
been sick from school.

GRAMPA

What? Son, do you know what I had to go through to pick you up? I had to make three left turns!

BART

Grampa, I had a test and I wasn't ready for it. It's a victimless crime. The only victim here is the society that will have to pay my way once I turn 18.

GRAMPA

(SHAKES HEAD) Have you ever read "The Boy Who Cried Wolf?"

BART

I glanced at it... boy cries "wolf"... has a few laughs... I forget how it ends.

GRAMPA

(MUTTERING) Kids today. (ETC.)

(LOOKING AT THE TRAFFIC LIGHT). Bart, is that light green?

BART

Yeah.

GRAMPA

It better be!

Grampa floors the accelerator and zooms through the intersection.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MARGE AND HOMER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer takes off his Hawaiian shirt, shudders and gets into bed.

MARGE

Homer, what do you think of this
idea: instead of a coffee break,
which is so unhealthy, everyone at
the plant could do calisthenics.

Homer grimaces.

HOMER

Marge, did I ever tell you about that
plant efficiency expert who
mysteriously quit and moved to
Ireland?

MARGE

What are you getting at?

HOMER

Look, a lot of people down at the
plant don't like your ideas, and they
don't think it's fair that you got
promoted after one day.

MARGE

(GROWING IRATE) Well, what do you
think?

HOMER

I've seen a lot of people pass me on the ladder of success: friends, co-workers, the cafeteria lady... I never thought it'd be my own wife.

MARGE

If you want to move up, maybe you should try working a little harder.

HOMER

(TAKEN ABACK) Impossible!

MARGE

Oh really? I came to see you three times today. Twice you were sleeping and once you were kicking that ball of electrical tape around.

HOMER

I won't sleep in the same bed with a woman who thinks I'm lazy. I'm gonna go right down stairs, unfold the couch, put on some... (RECONSIDERING)
Eh, goodnight.

Homer climbs back into bed and falls asleep.

INT. MARGE'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

Marge sits in her new lavish office typing at her desk.

MARGE

(TYPING) "Friday will be Country and Western Day - Yahoooooo... "

Marge presses the "o" key several times.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Still looks a little bare.

She presses the key a few more times then looks satisfied.
A CHEF enters wheeling an omelet cart.

CHEF

Mr. Burns thought you might like an
omelet.

MARGE

Thanks, but I brought my own lunch.

She holds up a time brown paper bag. The Chef leans his
head back through the door. We see CHEFS wheeling carts of
food -- seven-layer cake, pig on a spit, a large flaming
dish, etc.

CHEF

Sorry fellas, she's brown baggin' it.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS OFFICE - DAY

Marge continues to type. PULL BACK to see Burns watching
Marge on a bank of monitors. He is laying on his stomach
on the floor, dreamy-eyed, kicking his legs like a school
boy. Smithers stands nearby holding a bucket, wearing
rubber gloves and a hairnet.

BURNS

I dreamed about her again last night,
Smithers. You know that dream where
you're in bed and they fly in through
the window?

ANGLE ON SMITHERS

Smithers pictures himself in bed. Burns flies in through
the window.

BACK TO SCENE

SMITHERS

You've been reading my Wish Book,
sir.

BURNS

(OBLIVIOUS) Yes, well, Smithers, I
have a new job for you.

SMITHERS

Oh thank goodness.

Smithers starts to pull off his rubber gloves.

BURNS

On top of your other duties.

Smithers puts gloves back on.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Smithers, you're going to arrange a
party, for two. I want everything to
be perfect. Find out Marge's turn-
ons and turn-offs. Embrace the
former and eschew the latter.

Smithers starts to leave.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Oh, and Smithers... (DRAMATIC PAUSE)
get receipts.

INT. POWER PLANT - DONUT ROOM - DAY

Everyone is dressed in country and western outfits, looking
glum.

CARL

These spurs are killin' me.

Lenny enters dressed as "The Fonz."

LENNY

(GIVING THE THUMBS-UP GESTURE A LA
THE FONZ) Ayyy -- sit on it.

CARL

Lenny, 50's Day is next Wednesday.

LENNY

I gotta go home and change!

He exits.

SFX: MOTORCYCLE STARTS AND DRIVES OFF.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Marge and Homer are with Surly Joe, Foundation Repairman.
Behind them workmen are finishing their repairs to the
house. Marge signs a check and hands it to the contractor.

MARGE

Here's your money.

CONTRACTOR

You know for an extra fifty bucks, I
could shore it up so this never
happens again.

HOMER

How stupid to you think I am? Get
out!

EXT. LAS VEGAS - ESTABLISHING

INT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL STAGE SHOW - BACKSTAGE

TOM JONES has finished his act, is toweling off and walks
off stage. Smithers approaches him.

SMITHERS

Tom Jones?

TOM JONES

Yes?

SMITHERS

I was wondering if you'd be
interested in performing at a private
party.

Smithers opens a suitcase revealing it is full of money.

TOM JONES

Sorry, I don't do private parties.

SMITHERS

Then, perhaps you should look in this
suitcase.

Smithers offers Tom Jones a second suitcase.

TOM JONES

Alright, but I don't see...

Tom Jones opens the second suitcase. Gas pours out. Tom
Jones falls to the floor unconscious.

TOM JONES (CONT'D)

(FALLING UNCONSCIOUS NOISE)

SMITHERS

Pleasant dreams, Mr. Jones.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MARGE AND HOMER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge get romantic.

HOMER

Alright, Marge, you may be my
supervisor at work, but this is one
place where I still rule the roost.

(PURRS)

He kisses Marge's arm seductively.

MARGE

(OBLIVIOUS) You know, Homie, I was just thinking of that leaky old fire hose in the lunchroom. I bet we could tear it out and no one would ever miss it.

HOMER

(SAD) I don't think you're in the spirit of what's happening here.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS

Mrs. Krabappel hands Bart a sheet of paper.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart, move your desk out in the hall. It's time you took that make up test.

BART

(CLUTCHING STOMACH) Oooh, my ovaries...

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(ROLLING HER EYES) Bart, to avoid this test you've had smallpox, the bends and that unfortunate bout of Tourette's syndrome. No more excuses.

She hands Bart a test. Bart grumbles as he guides his desk into the hall.

INT. - KRUSTY STUDIO - DAY

JOAN EMBREY-TYPE ANIMAL HANDLER stands on stage with **KRUSTY**, who has a falcon on his head.

KRUSTY

His claws are really digging into my skull.

ANIMAL HANDLER

He can crush clams with them.

KRUSTY

(RAPIDLY) Get it off, get it off, get it off!

The animal handler holds up her arm and the falcon flutters onto it. An **ASSISTANT** brings out a **WOLF** on a leash.

ANIMAL HANDLER

Here we have an Alaskan Timber Wolf.

He weighs 240 pounds, has powerful jaws and... has just escaped.

The timber wolf breaks its chain and runs off stage.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - DAY

WIGGUM, **EDDIE** and **LOU** are standing by their police car eating donuts. The wolf passes by **SNARLING FEROCIOUSLY**.

WIGGUM

(OBLIVIOUS) Nice doggie.

The wolf bites the police car fender and tears it off.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

We'll just get another car downtown.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

The wolf moves into frame, looks at the school and licks its chops.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Bart reads the answer he just wrote on the test.

BART

"Ivanhoe is the story of a Russian
farmer and his tool."

Bart looks up to see the wolf is eye-to-eye with him.

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS -
CONTINUOUS**

Mrs. Krabappel is writing a math problem on the board.
Bart can be seen through the classroom door window, jumping
up and down, trying to get her attention.

BART

(THROUGH THE DOOR) Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(EXASPERATED SIGH)

Mrs. Krabappel shuts the blinds on the window.

SFX: WOLF GROWLS

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

Sorry. No sale.

She resumes writing on the blackboard.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS OFFICE - DAY

Burns is in front of a mirror polishing his scalp with
cloth and Scalp Wax.

SFX: SQUEAKY NOISE.

Marge enters.

MARGE

Mr. Burns, you wanted to see me?

Burns tries to strike a casual pose. He places his elbow
on the desk, and puts his head in his hand. His slippery
head slides out of his hand and bangs his chin on the desk.

BURNS

(PAIN NOISE) Actually, I was
wondering if you were free for a
little get-together tonight. Dinner,
dancing and ... (PRESSES BUTTON) Mr.
Tom Jones.

A panel slides open behind Burns. Tom Jones is waving and smiling.

TOM JONES

Hello, Marge.

Smithers stands behind Jones poking a gun into Jones' ribs.

SMITHERS

(SINISTER) That's it... big smile ...
everybody's happy.

MARGE

Oh my goodness!

Burns presses the button. The panel slides shut.

SFX: CLUBBING NOISE.

MARGE

My husband will be so excited.

BURNS

(STUNNED) Your husband?

MARGE

Yes, Homer. He works at the plant.

He's right...

Marge starts to point to a monitor showing Homer idly tossing cards into a hat. She thinks better of it and covers the monitor with her hand.

MARGE (CONT'D)

... uh somewhere.

BURNS

(SUDDENLY COLD) So you have a husband. I can picture him now... rugged good looks... sweater knotted around his shoulders... squiring you around in his Italian roadster.

BURNS' FANTASY

Burns pictures Marge with a handsome, black-haired mustachioed, playboy with his shirt open to the navel. They're driving in a convertible on a mountain road.

MARGE

Homer, Mr. Burns gave me another raise today.

"HOMER"

(ITALIAN ACCENT) The senile old fool.

MARGE

And look, I stole a stapler and some paper clips from his desk (HOLDS THEM UP).

"HOMER"

Ahh, you know what I like.

BACK TO SCENE

BURNS

Senile old fool, am I? You're fired!

MARGE

Fired? But why?

BURNS

Get out!

Marge exits, upset.

BURNS (CONT'D)

And to think I waxed my head for her.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - DAY

Bart is trying to fend the wolf off with a desk. The wolf is BITING chunks out of the desk. The wolf picks up Bart by his shirt.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (V.O.)

Hey, Wolfie, put down that hors
d'oeuvre...

We see Willie has entered the hallway. He crouches like a wrestler.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

... It's time for the main course!

The wolf drops Bart and leaps at Willie. They roll around in the hallway, both SNARLING. Bart tries to approach Willie.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

Back to class, lad, nothin' to see
here.

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS

A bedraggled Bart enters, his clothes torn.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart, where's your test?

BART

The wolf ate it.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(DISBELIEVING) Uh-huh, and your
clothes got torn by the wolf too?

BART

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SIGHS) Well, for sticking to your
story, I'll give you a "D-".

BART

(EXCITED) Whoo-hoo!

EXT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Groundskeeper Willie (his clothes torn), and the wolf sit
side by side. They are exhausted and **PANTING**. Willie
takes out his flask and takes a drink.

GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE

We're a lot alike, you and me. Have
a taste.

He pours some liquor into his hand and the wolf eagerly
LAPS it up.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MARGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Homer comes to the door.

HOMER

Come on, Marge, the whistle blew two
minutes ago. We're the last ones
here.

Homer enters and sees she is **SNIFFING** at her desk.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CONCERNED) What's the matter, honey?
It's not your fault "Hillbilly Day"
ended in tragedy.

MARGE

Mr. Burns fired me.

HOMER

What? Why?

MARGE

I don't know. One minute I could do
no wrong, the next I was out of a
job.

Marge indicates Burns' office.

MARGE (CONT'D)

All day long he's been cursing...
breaking things... and I have the
strange feeling he's cut off the
oxygen in here.

HOMER

Fire and suffocate my wife, will he?
This time he's gone too far!

Homer storms out.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MR. BURN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A bitter Mr. Burns sits at his desk, watching Marge on a
monitor. Using magic marker, he draws horns, a moustache,
goatee, scars, etc. on her face.

BURNS

Why Marge, look at all those flies
buzzing around your head -- you're a
mess, woman (MANIACAL LAUGH).

Marge exits frame, leaving the monitor empty.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Damn, you're slippery...

Homer barges in.

HOMER

Mr. Burns, even though you're my
boss, and it's your right to
humiliate me, a right that I respect
and fight for, this time I just won't
stand for it.

BURNS

Who are you?

HOMER

(PROUDLY) I'm Mister Marge Simpson.

BURNS

You? Ew. I didn't think I could
feel worse, but I do.

HOMER

To you my wife is just another
faceless employee. But to me she's
the greatest woman I ever met. If I
had any hair, I'd sooner tear it out
than see that woman cry.

BURNS

(TOUCHED) You love her, too.

HOMER

Durn tootin'.

BURNS

Isn't it funny that a captain of
industry like me and a pathetic slug
like you could want the same thing?

HOMER

(NOT OFFENDED) Yeah, it is funny.

(LAUGHS TOO LONG)

BURNS

Homer, I just can't have Marge
working at the plant. (SIGHS) It's
too painful for me. But I want you
to show that woman the time of her
life.

HOMER

You mean here? With you watching?
That makes me uncomfortable.

BURNS

Don't worry, Homer. I've made all
the arrangements.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BURNS' ESTATE - NIGHT

Homer and Marge sit at a table, with food and champagne on the side, in front of a band shell. No one else is present. TOM JONES is **SINGING** "It's Not Unusual." We see he is chained by the ankle to the floor. Tom loosens his tie and tosses it in the audience. Marge catches it.

MARGE

(EXCITED) Homer, I caught his tie!

HOMER

Marge, we're the only ones here.

They **CHUCKLE**. Tom Jones continues **SINGING**. **FIREWORKS** go off in the sky behind the band shell.

FADE OUT.

THE END